MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN
AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &C.

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Editorial.

MAGNITUDE OF THE POULTRY INTERESTS.

Although many people admit that poultry husbandry has become one of our large productive industries, there are few who really appreciate its magnitude and importance.

We are so accustomed to meet a flock of fowls on every farm, and in every villager's and cottager's and laborer's dooryard, that we do not really appreciate that all these detached farmer's and villager's and laborer's flocks would make if by any possibility they could be brought together, an enormous aggregate. The wealth that is invested in them is a scattered wealth, but in its totality it is a very considerable one.

Although it is not practicable to bring these flocks bodily together, we may approximately ascertain their numbers by referring to the various statistical records of our agricultural industries; published under the direction of our State and general governments. We have gone over this ground pretty thoroughly and will here give a brief summary of the figures that are presented of this branch of rural industry in Massachusetts, quoting only, however, for the sake of brevity, from the Census of this State taken in 1875 and prepared under the supervision of Col. Carroll D. Wright. We find that the total number of domestic fowls of all classes in the State was at that time 1,058,980 which were valued at $625,564. The value of the egg-product was in that year $905,357.

Now these figures, although they are large, do not impress us forcibly until they are placed side by side with the record of other products of farm labor.

When we find that the value of the annual egg product in Massachusetts is almost as great as that of our Indian corn, the worth of the latter being but $1,006,384, that it is a third greater than the added values of all our other grains together, (Barley, $47,655, Buckwheat, $46,911, Oats, $314,202, Rye, $218,437, Wheat, 23,105, total $680,310), that it is considerably greater than the aggregate value of our production of cheese, $162,826, and grapes, $51,624, and ice, $500,666, and mutton, $55,574, and wool $84,563, (total, $853,653) that it is greater than the added value of our production of cranberries, $288,114, and pears, $118,302, and strawberries, $14,940, and cucumbers, $43,844, and lettuce, $96,410 and garden and flower seeds $43,310, and grass seeds, $4,041 and fruit trees grown in nurseries, $88,526, (total, $897,486), that it is considerably greater than the combined values of our production of beets, $116,091, and carrots, $46,593, and onions, $338,205, and parsnips, $24,977, and turnips, $252,222, and celery, $19,614, (total, $847,612), that it is much greater than that of the value of our production of beans, $97,052, and cabbage, $440,91, and pumpkins, $37,789, and squashes, $147,124, and tomatoes, $137,945, (total, $860,601) combined, we begin to appreciate its importance.

All this with the value of our annual egg product alone, when we add to it the value of our poultry crop each year, poultry husbandry rises to the magnitude of one of our greatest productive industries. The extent to which it is capable of being enlarged, however, has not yet been shown, but whether the *artificial* hatching and rearing of chickens and other poultry has been demonstrated to be practicable to all, there is absolutely hardly a limit to the extension of this industry.

There is an immense demand for poultry among the hotels and restaurants and wealthy families of our large cities, and this demand is increasing rapidly.

THE MIDDLEBORO AND LAKEVILLE FARMER'S CLUB.

This club will meet at the house of Wm. Barney, January 31. Subject: Can large farms be conducted as economically as small ones?

February 14.—Josiah B. Bump. Subject: The best time and manner to build and repair highways.

February 28.—John H. Nelson. Subject: The proper time and manner of setting, pruning, and cultivating fruit trees.

March 14.—Elbridge Cushman. Subject: Does agriculture offer equal inducements with the mechanic arts, to young men?

March 28.—Edwin Jenny. Subject: Special and general farming compared.

April 11.—Benjamin Richmond. Subject: Pasturing and soiling compared.

April 25.—Albert C. Vaughan. Subject: Has the present century developed as great improvements in agriculture as in other employments?

Per order of Committee,
I. N. VAUGHAN
ABNER WOOD,
N. M. SAMPSON.

☞ Seeds should be kept in a dry, airy room or cupboard, and the more equal the temperature the better. Seeds soon turn mouldy in a damp situation, and the place for keeping had better be hot than damp. A nest of small drawers is the most convenient place to keep seeds, and the name of each kind should be affixed. Arranged in this manner they are readily obtainable, while there is less danger of waste, mixing and confusion, than when kept in papers loosely bundled together in a way which necessitates the whole assortment being looked over, when any particular sort is required.

THE SELECTION AND SOWING OF SEEDS.

As the time will soon be at hand for the sowing of seeds both in the hot-bed and soon after in the field, a few words in regard to the choice of kinds and the manner of sowing may not be out of place.

The best farmers are very particular about what seed they sow. Those who grow seed to sell cannot from the nature of the case take so much pains in raising it as would a skillful farmer in raising seed for his own use; take the article of cabbage seed for example.—To grow first rate seed the most perfect heads only should be used, not more than one in two hundred in a good field would satisfy a particular farmer if growing seed for his own use; these he would select and plant at a distance from any other cabbage seed sufficient to insure him against mixing; and the result would reward his pains with a really improved seed. The man who raises seed for sale proceeds very differently; to produce large quantities is his purpose; therefore he is obliged to use a large percentage of his cabbage heads; if he grows many varieties of cabbage seed it will be very difficult to do it on one farm without more or less mixing, and unless he is more than ordinarily scrupulous the seed he will have to dispose of will vex the buyer and tempt him to use very improper language to express his vexation. The seed merchant should not be blamed for this state of things; so far as I have known, they are much more scrupulous men than the seed raisers, and much more particular men than the seed buyers. They are placed in a difficult situation, that of keeping for sale good seed at a price which will not pay for raising it. When the buyers of seeds are more particular as to what they buy and more willing to pay a round price for a really good thing, we may look for less disappointment in buying seeds and more care in producing them. At present the best gardeners either raise their own seeds or depend upon some well known neighbor to raise for them what they need.

Of course the seed store must be resorted to in many cases and then it is that we see the value of a good name in business; the seed dealer who has the confidence of his customers as doing his best in selecting his seeds will be able to ask a good price and do a good business; while a careful farmer would rather not risk a crop than buy seed raised he knows not where, and sold by he knows not what sort of a dealer.

There is no one thing in farming that will so well reward care as the raising of good seed by careful selection of stock; and no one thing so sure to cause loss and disappointment as carelessness in buying or obtaining a supply.

But even after we have secured a supply of good seed there will be needed a good deal of skill to ensure the successful germination of some of the more delicate and tender kinds.

In starting seed either under glass or outdoors, care is needed to secure a proper temperature and moisture, or the best seed will surely fail: a temperature that would start a radish or lettuce seed into healthy growth would surely rot the seed of a tomato, egg plant or pepper; and the moisture needed for the germination of celery seed would be dangerous to the young plants of melon or cucumbers. Consult the nature of the plant you are handling; give the hardy plants a cool moist bed with a temperature of 50 deg. and the tender or tropical ones a constant heat of 60 deg. to 80 deg. with judicious watering when needed.

The covering of the seed is a matter of some consequence and often too carelessly done. Seed should not be covered deep by in spring when the ground is moist; a heavy rain might then smother it. Later in the seasbn when the ground is dry a deep covering will be needed to insure moisture enough to cause germination. There is a good deal of trouble sometimes in causing the fine small seeds of celery and lettuce to germinate in dry weather; too much watering of the seed bed is objectionable as it packs the ground too much; a better way is to mulch the surface with hay which must be immediately removed when the seed breaks ground; partly shading the bed by whitewashing the glass will also help in such cases. The germination of fine seeds in the field is effected best by the roller. The most troublesome perhaps is the dandelion, but careful preparation of the ground and early sowing will usually bring it up. This seed is impatient of covering, and therefore must be sown in moist weather near the surface. In sowing fine seeds in hot-beds I usually sprinkle over them a covering of sifted loam, by hand, making it as even as possible to ensure even germination of the seed.

W. D. P.

SHALL WE GROW OUR OWN COFFEE?

This, it seems, to be a whim of "*Le Duc*," the present Commissioner of Agriculture. Now, let us ask for what was that Commission of Agriculture Board, created? Was it to devote its interests to the growth of any one crop and neglect all and everything else? Should not this department aid and direct every item of value toward rural life outside of pecuniary means to the government? Why should it not have an agent in every State, to aid the people therein connected with agricultural life's wants, and report the results monthly, to be published and sent for distribution among the agricultural and rural community.

Coffee, tea, and other items belong to a special line of commercial life, more than corn and wheat, and should not have a specialty from the commissioner, and the funds of that department be given to his ideas of benefit to one personal interest.

F. R. E.

☞ At this season of the year, it will be found a very good plan, twice or thrice a week, to drop an even teaspoonful of common cayenne pepper into, say two gallons of water given to fowls for their daily drink. This is a grand tonic, and it works very kindly towards warming the blood, these chilly days. Another excellent provision is to place at the bottom of the pail or vessel containing their drink, a bit of asafœtida. This impregnates the fluid with its tonic qualities, and it is very wholesome for fowls in the wintry days. Fresh water should be given, however, daily, and your birds should never be without this, when in confinement, especially; for they imbibe a good deal if they have it always at hand.

Questions & Answers.

AGE OF EGGS FOR HATCHING.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me if eggs will hatch that are two months old, and how old can they be used for hatching? Please answer through the *Ploughman*. B. C.

Amesbury, Jan. 18, 1878.

It is hardly safe to set eggs which are over 14 days old; under the most favorable circumstances they will hatch if they are longer laid, but as a rule eggs from one to two weeks old, are long enough laid. The freshest laid eggs produce the largest percentage of strong, healthy chickens.—[Ed.

WOLFSON AND DROP TAIL HOGS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you give me the address of some party that breeds the Wolfson and Drop Tail breed of Hogs? J. A. V.

Enfield, N. H. Jan. 17*th*, 1878.

TESTING MILK FOR BUTTER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Doubtless the readers of the *Ploughman* noticed a short time since an article giving the produce of milk of the Brittany cow, Pauline, and that of the Ayrshire cow, Jennie. I stated that I should make the experiment as complete as possible, by testing both these cows for butter as soon as I could arrange conveniences for so doing. I have purchased, at my own expense a Cooley Creamer for use in the dairy here, and the milk of these two cows has been tested for butter.

This experiment which is just ended extended over a period of fourteen days. The feed has been the same in every respect as in the milk trial excepting that they are fed largely on corn stalks and poor hay steamed instead of dry hay. Pauline has produced exactly eleven pounds of excellent butter and Jennie eleven pounds and twelve ounces.

It will be readily seen that the Ayrshire made very much the best showing in the milk test and a little the best in the butter. This little test has been accurately conducted in every particular, and the public has the benefit of the figures.

The next experiment bids fair to be of unusual interest as the Shorthorn cow Belladonna and the Ayrshire cow Lulie are to to be contestants. Either of these cows will easily give twenty-five quarts of milk a day, and as they are both well matured animals and about of an age the trial will be a very fair one. It would add very much to the interest of the experiment if a first class Jersey cow could join in the contest, as either of these three breeds are in very high standing just now throughout the farming community.

Perhaps some *generous friend* may feel disposed to loan us a Jersey for the trial in question.

A. L. Southwick, dairyman, has shown great care in conducting his part of the above experiments. More in due season.

Yours very respectfully,
A. A. SOUTHWICK, *Farm Supt.*
Mass. Agricultural College, Jan. 15, 1878.

"KEEPING THE CHILDREN ON THE FARM."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I like very much all the communications in the *Ploughman*, from time to time, in keeping our children on the farms here in Massachusetts, where I think they are needed. Many ways have been suggested from different correspondents whereby we should get them interested on the farm, all which, to my mind, are very good indeed. Now, Mr. Editor, you may take a boy or girl that have been brought up on a farm and they don't always want to be kept to work from early morn to late at night, never going anywhere, nor seeing any one except as they see them at church. Take an interest in them; let them have days of leisure so they may go and see other boys and girls in the neighborhood and learn some of the ways and fashions of the world; supply their little wants so far as will be beneficial to them now and in future years. The child of a few years of age knows very quick whether the parent takes any interest in it or not. I refer more particularly to fathers; the mothers have, I think, more influence over their children than the fathers.

I very well remember when I was a little boy, whatever I wanted I went right to mother. Yes, it was always "Mother" with me. It seems to me if the fathers would take the pains with their children that the mothers do, they would not all leave the old homestead and seek homes elsewhere. Let them have a piece of land they can call their own, raise what they please and have the use of the team to plough, cart on manure, etc. give them the products of all they raise; encourage them in all the ways you can; spend your evenings at home with them; sit down and talk with them, sing with them hymns they learned in the Sabbath school and in the prayer meeting, if you can sing, if you cannot, interest them some other way; make your home as attractive as your means will allow. It is a sad sight to see the children neglect their parents in their old age. God hath given them to us that they may be a comfort to us in our old age, a blessing to the community and to the world.

Yours with respect, A SUBSCRIBER.
Framingham, Mass.

KEEP AN ACCOUNT.

I have often observed that momentous results have eventuated from very insignificant first causes. The Hon. Geo. M. Gleason, President of the St. Lawrence county, (N. Y.) Dairymens' Association offered a resolution, which was passed, at the December meeting of the association, to the effect that the secretary furnish blanks to all the members, and request that they be filled and annually returned, in which shall be reported the size and products of their farms. I doubt if one in ten of the members have ever kept a farm account, or can tell the net profit realized from any branch of his farm management. If the spirit of the resolution is inaugurated and faithfully carried out, it will develop startling facts, and it will, as similar movements have elsewhere, show that branches of farming involving much labor, risk and expenditure, had been pursued for years, that never had given a net return of one dollar. It will result in the abandonment of the unpaying and in extending the paying, in embarking in a new and more remunerative system.

Great, growing, lasting and highly profitable results cannot fail to be the result of such a course.—*Exchange.*

Correspondence.

CORN EXHIBITIONS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The Farmers' Clubs in this vicinity have this year commenced holding Corn Exhibitions which have been successful in producing a large number of entries for the premiums offered, and a fine show of well ripened corn. I have attended one of these exhibitions which I think is of sufficient importance to furnish to the *Ploughman* for publication a description of the manner in which it was conducted. This communication will be somewhat in the style of a criticism, and to avoid personalities I shall withhold names.

The entries embraced fifty samples of field corn on the ear, of one bushel each, nine samples of sweet corn and eleven samples of pop corn on the ear of one peck each. The corn was laid on tables placed around the hall and in cribs of sufficient size to exhibit the samples to the best advantage.

The samples of field corn were of numerous varieties, small and large, from an estimated yield of about forty bushels to seventy-five bushels to the acre, and unaccountable as it may seem the premiums were awarded without regard to the yield of the crop.

The first premium was awarded to a specimen of ears eight to ten inches long, stout, with large kernels, well filled at the tip and a nice sample of small corn, which I should estimate to yield about fifty-five bushels to the acre; I was interested to know about this sample, and inquired of the gentleman who exhibited it, in regard to the yield per acre. He replied that he did not know, only that he harvested one hundred and thirty-eight bushels of ears from a little more than an acre of land. To the inquiry whether it was one and one-fourth acres he said he thought less than one and one-fourth acres but he did not measure the land. The other premiums were awarded to specimens nearest in style to this first premium corn, while samples of corn in ears twelve or thirteen inches long from a crop yielding about seventy-five bushels to the acre received no premium at all.

The query is, why do farmers prefer small corn to large corn and small crops to large crops. That is the question and it is an important one in every aspect of the case. With due respect to Committees and all the rest of mankind, I will, if you please, dear Editor, state my opinion on the subject. There are some men and some farmers who think the way they do things is a little better than other men's ways, and can see no improvement in any mode of farming or anything else which differs from their own. When they serve on committees on field crops or other products they award premiums to specimens which are nearest to the goods which they produce, without proper regard to the yield of crops or value of goods exhibited for premiums. Now if I am not right I hope somebody will correct me. At this exhibition was a specimen of twenty rowed corn from Pennsylvania, the ears were about twelve inches long and very large. The yield was not stated, but I think it might be 110 to 120 bushels to the acre, it was a magnificent sample of corn. There was also a sample of twelve rowed corn from Nebraska, very stylish in colors, half the rows on some ears yellow and the other half red, the color being perfectly distinct in the rows; the most curious style of corn I ever saw.

I have given this description as a matter-of-fact and not for the purpose of finding fault—for everybody had a good time. The ladies were there and they furnished a superb collation. After refreshment there were speeches and stories, songs and chat, which was enjoyed so well the Club think they will have another Corn Exhibition. J. H.

Shrewsbury, Jan. 10*th*, 1878.

WEALTH OF STOCK OWNERS.

The average number of cattle in Texas, owned by individual stock raisers, is 500 to 50,000 head, and an interesting feature of the business is that the wealthiest cattle men today are in South Texas—men like King, of Live Oak county, who can command millions of dollars—coming from nothing, and from the most humble beginnings. King, the cattle king of Texas, began with a few old cows, after "driving" and acting the "cow-boy" for somebody else. After several years his stock had increased to an extent that put him on a footing and an equality with his former "bosses" and employers. He formerly resided near Corpus Christi, but now lives in Live Oak, one of the wildest counties of unsettled Texas.

The great point of shipment of cattle now is Rockport, on the gulf—a port that exports annually vast numbers of stock from that place to Havana and New Orleans—a trade that is increasing every year and brings in a vast surplus of money to South Texas. In addition to this, Rockport exports large quantities of packed beef, preserved by patent process, and that goes chiefly and directly to Europe. The packeries near Rockport, operated by New York capital, slaughtered one hundred beeves per day, and their business is on the increase.

The present average price of cattle on the hoof, taking cows, steers and yearlings as they run, is $8 a head. This is almost as moderate as the figures for horses. Pretty fair horses, adapted to the saddle or the wagon, but unbroke, can be had here for $12. The finest Spanish pony, wild as the fleet gazelle, and costing $5 to break, can be had for $10; and as no corn or fodder is necessary to keep a horse in South Texas, the succulent grass of the prairies being to him more delicious than anything you can offer him, the consequence is everybody rides, and the unfortunate individual who can't sport and own a horse on these wild prairies is indeed to be pitied.—*Texas Letter.*

CULTIVATING ORCHARDS.

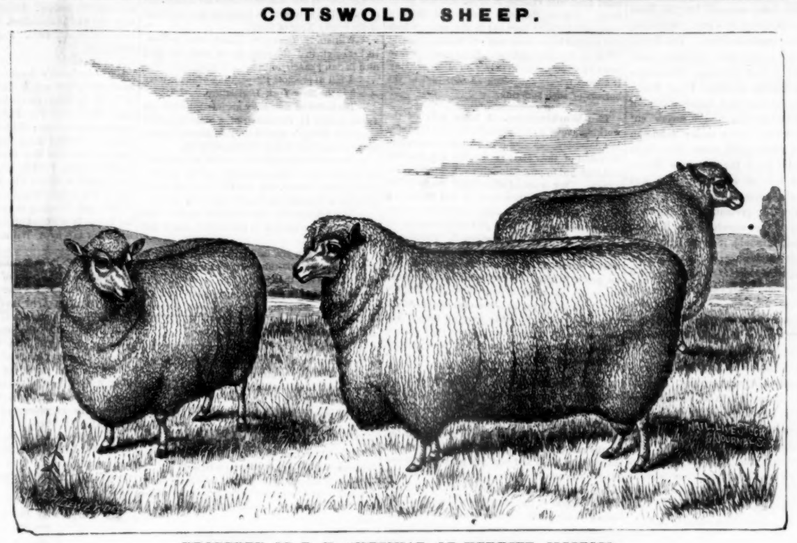
A writer in the *Practical Farmer* says that he kept his young orchard well cultivated with hoed crops for several years. They grew eighteen inches to two feet in a season. Only one tree died. A neighbor set out an orchard at the same time, and seeded it to grass. In three years one-third of the trees were dead, and those which lived grew only from two to six inches in a year. This is about the usual experience.

☞ The highest price ever paid for a thorough bred yearling is $30,000, Lord Lonsdale having recently given that sum for a brother to Doncaster, the Derby winner of 1875.

☞ The 16 starch factories of Aroostook county, Maine, used this fall from 20,000 to 100,000 bushels of potatoes each, the price paid at the factory being from 20 to 25 cents a bushel. Many farmers in the county have from 500 to 1000 bushels stored in their cellars.

☞ There will be an international show of breeding stock in conjunction with the universal exhibition at Paris in 1878.

COTSWOLD SHEEP.



PROPERTY OF E. M. CHRISMAN, OF MERRITT, ILLINOIS.

Cotswold sheep have an ancient history, dating as far back as the twelfth century. Originally they were coarse animals, with a thick, heavy fleece, well adapted to their home on the bleak Cotswold hills. Their improvement went on with the lapse of time, giving a better quality both of mutton and of wool, a smoothness and a greater aptitude to fatten, while it did not, under good management, lessen the animal's ancient hardiness of constitution. These characteristics are still more marked in the modern Cotswold. It is at home on all soils, and produces a large and excellent carcass of mutton and a valuable fleece of combing wool, which enters so largely into the manufacture of various fabrics worn by mankind. To these valuable points may be added that of early maturity and that the ewes are prolific and good nurses. The fine representatives of this breed which appear on this page, are the property of Mr. E. Chrisman, of Merritt, Ill. When the high form and high characteristics of modern Cotswolds are taken into account, it is not strange that they are held in such high favor.

Stock Department.

ATTENTION TO HEIFER CALVES.

We are glad that the better class of dairymen are beginning to see the economy of raising their own cows. As has often been urged in this journal, the dairyman can never be sure of his stock unless he raises it upon his own farm. We know large numbers are now doing this, and some are trying to accomplish it without making proper provision for the necessary food to grow their heifers in the best manner. It is not enough that the heifer is raised upon the farm where she is to be useful as a milk producer, but ample provision of food must be made to develop all her good qualities. It too frequently happens that the dairyman turns his heifer calves into a poor pasture, after they are two or three months old, and expects them to grow into good animals on what they can pick up, without further attention. But such calves will turn out like the corn fields planted upon poorly ploughed and prepared land, with no subsequent cultivation. The corn is scarcely worth harvesting, and the calves not worth wintering. The owners of such neglected stock often excuse themselves by saying, "A little extra attention will fetch them up by and by." But everybody else notices that those calves are never fetched up—always remain small, scrawny, undeveloped animals.

Now the cow is a machine for secreting milk, and this machine should be developed to the greatest perfection. A poorly developed animal cannot have a secretory system in a vigorous and active state. Having been fed meagerly, its digestive system is contracted and wanting in capacity to furnish sufficient aliment for large milk production. Everything depends upon the rearing of the heifer calf in determining her usefulness as a milker. A steady and rapid growth from calfhood, shows all her secretory organs in the greatest activity, and her digestive organs must have been well developed and active to have prepared so much food for assimilation into such rapid growth. And as it is impossible that the cow should yield a large quantity of milk without digesting a large quantity of food, the animal must be trained to do this from calfhood.

The treatment of these principles must show the dairyman how vastly important it is that his heifer calves should never cease growing for a single day. Scanty feeding is, therefore, the worst economy, and judicious fall feeding the greatest economy. The calf, like every other animal, requires a certain amount of food to keep it alive, and all the growth comes from what is eaten more than this. The greater the amount of food, therefore, digested and assimilated, the more the growth, and the more the profit.

The cost of a good calf, six months old, is but little more than a poor one, although it is worth from three to four times as much. Let us, then, urge dairymen not to begrudge the food eaten by their dairy calves, but to study how they can best please their tastes and satisfy their appetites. If the pasture is at all short, give them extra food. Bran, a little oil-meal, oats, apples, pumpkins—all are good. Grain is better ground than whole; but oats, in small quantity, do very well ground. Feed with a liberal but judicious hand, and your reward will be meted out in even greater measure.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

The Dairy.

SALT FOR BUTTER.

The purest salt is required for dairy purposes; and experience has shown that Ashton's factory filled is the safest salt to use. Many committees appointed to make tests, have reported in favor of this salt; but the best proof is the testimony of numerous dairymen who have used other brands but have been obliged to go back to Ashton's salt. The simple difference is, that greater care is used in the manufacture of Ashton's salt, and therefore it is more uniform in quality. It costs a little more, but the amount used in butter is so small as to make the price of little account.—*Live Stock Journal.*

BUTTER AND CHEESE ITEMS.

England imports about 80,000 tons of foreign butter, at an annual cost of nearly $44,000,000.

Sheep's milk is thicker than that of cows, and yields a greater proportion of butter and cheese.

In churning, if the butter comes slowly, add an ounce of butter, and it will facilitate the gathering of the whole.

Great Britain received sixty per cent. of its imported cheese from the United States, twenty per cent. from Holland, fifteen per cent. from Canada, and the balance from France, Germany, Sweden, and Belgium.

Massachusetts farms produced more butter in 1855 than in 1875, and four times the quantity of cheese; but, on the other hand, during the same period, the production of milk has increased from 3,300,916 gallons in 1855 to 35,698,159 in 1875.

Greasy butter is so perishable, that there is no use in packing it away for a future day. It will depreciate from the start, and fall continually—salt will not save it. Many people have an idea that salting high will save butter. No mistake could be greater. It is the avoidance of injury in making which gives to butter its best-keeping quality. Butter not injured in manufacturing is the only butter that will keep. Faulty butter will "go marching on" to destruction, though buried in the best of salt.—*American Dairyman.*

The Poultry Interest.

ABOUT ROUP.

The prime causes of roup among poultry at the present day, says H. H. Stoddard, are pretty well understood by breeders of any considerable experience. But the best treatment of this common disease, and a fair comprehension of its various *phases*, are not so generally appreciated, even among those who know very well how this vexatious ailment is most commonly brought about—at least in its incipient stages.

Bad feeding—say with sweated or damaged corn (often purchased cheaply in large places)—will cause roup to show itself among the flocks. Allow your chickens to have free access to the rotted dungheap, or to wallow in and drink of the foul water in the barnyard manure lot, and you will, very likely, find roup break out among them.

You will call such an attack "the pip," sometimes. Others designate this ailing "the gapes," or "the sniffles." And these indications not being infrequent or apparently serious, nothing is done to remedy the evil. Soon it turns to "sore head," "swelled cheeks," "hard breathing," snipping and snorting. They get blind, lose their feed and water, because they cannot see to eat or drink, and so die off, "of cholera," the good man declares!

It is all *roup*. Brought on through negligence or carelessness, in great part, where it is known that these very causes produce precisely this result. But when it gets beyond the point where a little nursing and watchfulness might have restored the unlucky birds, the finale is charged to anything else except to the real origin of the unfortunate fatality.

Prevent this, poultrymen! You can do so, at trifling expense, and with very little trouble. Avoid all these common *causes* for this wretched disease among your fowls in its manifold forms. And thus, with slight but constant care, you may never have any serious difficulty in managing what is now universally known as chicken roup.

As soon as any of your fowls show the symptoms above mentioned, mix a small quantity of the German Roup Medicine with the feed of all your stock, both old and young. It is an excellent tonic and appetizer, and will fortify their systems to resist the tendency to the disease.

Geo. P. Burnham says: "I have advised the use of the *German Roup Pills* as a palliative and general corrective for use in the fowl yard. This preparation is an old one, and it has been thoroughly tested in Europe and America, until it has come to be an established specific everywhere among American poultry raisers, appreciated through its intrinsic merits. As a general medicine, for practical use at a moment's notice, upon the approach of diseases among the fowl flocks, these German Pills have no rival in excellence."

The most successful poultry raisers keep this popular remedy always on hand.—*Western Rural.*

HOW TO MANAGE.

The *Butter, Cheese and Egg Reporter* tells of a Mr. Benton who keeps eleven different kinds of fowls, and is very successful in their management. Mr. Benton found weak lye and wood ashes an effectual remedy for the canker. The doctors recommend chlorate of potash. Ashes are also excellent for the hens to wallow in, and he keeps a box in each coop for that purpose. This effectually keeps off lice. The flour of sulphur sprinkled in the nest of setting hens is excellent. Mr. Benton's principal feed is Indian corn, which is kept constantly in reach of his hens by means of boxes in the partitions, one serving for two coops. Water in a dish set under a nail keg, with a hole cut in the side, serves for watering. The nests are in a long box along the ends of the coops, the hens enter through holes, and are then in comparative darkness. Lids on the outside give access to the nests. Mr. Benton thinks Indian corn the best grain for hens, because of its heating nature. In addition, he feeds scraps from the table, butcher's refuse, and green stuff. Corn and fat will at once set hens to laying.

SORE EYES IN POULTRY.

If the soreness is not occasioned by the careless or excessive use of sulphur upon the hen and chicks, to destroy lice, (which is a common mistake made by those who do not use powdered sulphur judiciously,) then the disease proceeds from colds, or roupy affections.

We should recommend the free use of the German Roup Pills for their ailment, which has been very prevalent in some quarters. And in severe cases, a wash composed of one part each of glycerine, olive oil, and alcohol, thoroughly mixed before applying, will soften, heal and remove the inflamed soreness in a few days.

Prevention of the recurrence of this trouble in the poultry yard may be most beneficially and the German Roup Pills will be found an excellent thing to give the chickens (according to directions accompanying each box), for the avoidance of this malady. If chicks cannot see to eat, they quickly fall away and die.—*Poultry World.*

☞ The Vermont Wool Growers' Association has purchased from the flocks of Messrs. S. G. Holyoke and Sanford, and Edward Brigham, of St. Albans, two fine specimens of Vermont sheep, to be presented to the Wool Growers' Association, at New South Wales, through their representative, an attendant at the Centennial.

The Sheepfold.

LAMENESS IN SHEEP.

The principal part of the body is supported by the heel or back part of the foot The front part is, from its pointed nature, well adapted to preserve the foothold and prevent slipping, particularly in ascending rocky declivities; and in such situations, and particularly if the animal has to travel, the wear of the horn at the toe is equal to its growth.—But in wet pastures, or on soft soil, the growth of the toe is much greater than the wear, and consequently this part often grows extremely long and irregular, so that it separates from the quick and dirt insinuates and lameness and a troublesome wound are the consequences, sometimes leading to foot-rot. This might be prevented by cutting off the superfluous horn with a knife.

The foot of the sheep often becomes sore from traveling, particularly on sandy roads. In this case it is the heels and the skin between them that suffers; but timely rest will set the matter right, and a little oil of tar may be applied to the wound.

Sometimes the biflex canal (an inflection of the skin between the digits above the clefts of the hoof) becomes the seat of disease and the cause of lameness; sand may penetrate, or the parts may be chafed by much walking in the dirt, and inflammation and ulceration are the consequences. This part may be cleaned and dressed with tincture of myrrh and tincture of alloes, equal parts mixed. If proud flesh forms, it should be kept down by a few applications (with a feather) of muriate of ammonia.

These various injuries often prove very troublesome, from the circumstances of the sheep being exposed (particularly in the fall of the year) to dirt and moisture and the vicissitudes of the weather, and sometimes prove the forerunner of a still more troublesome malady—the foot-rot.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Horticulture.

THE QUINCE.

This fruit was held in high favor by the ancients who regarded it as emblematic of love and happiness. Pliny tells us how it may be kept for winter use. It is thought by some to have been the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden.

The quince is valuable for drying, for marmalades, jellies, preserves, etc., and is sometimes used for making wine. It is always in demand in the market. The farmer's wife ever keeps a sharp look out for her supply. It is generally held that the quince should be planted on low, moist soil. Such a location, if dry enough to receive thorough cultivation, will indeed give good results, but one year with another, a good, deep, well drained soil will prove the best. I have seen it apparently thriving in almost every soil, yet one a little inclined to clay should be preferred. No species of hardy fruit demands better culture than the quince, and yet none receives such neglect. In fact, some advise no manuring, no culture, and then report that the quince comes into bearing only after seven or eight years. The following method was given by one having large experience and extraordinary success, having large fields in cultivation:

Grow in good corn and wheat soil, 10x12 feet apart. Dig holes wide and deep and fill with one half barrel of compost composed of two parts muck and one part barnyard manure, three months old. Set with saucer-shaped hollow to hold water, placing a little loam around the roots, but covering mainly with the compost.

After treatment: Prune in autumn, just after leaves fall, as little as possible, mainly old decayed wood or branches that make the head too close or ungainly. In November, fork in about five or six shovels of fresh manure. Plough in Spring, till lightly about trees. Then directly spread broadcast ten bushels of salt per acre, which will half conceal the ground. Salt is the great fertilizer—is good for plums also; poor soil will not stand so much salt as rich soil. With this treatment, in a suitable soil, you will be sure of a crop in three years from planting.

Many will be surprised at this liberal manuring, remembering that the quince is often thrust into some obscure fence corner, to struggle into life as best it may, with its roots crowded and robbed on all sides. Give the quince a fair chance, thinning the fruit, and you will hardly recognize your old friend. The common opinion that the quince and pear are less subject to blight when receiving no culture or manure, is an error, proved to be such by the methods of the most extensive and successful growers. —*Rural Home.*

MANURING TREES.

The *Gardener's Monthly* well remarks: "Some people say that land which will raise good corn will grow good fruit trees, which is all right; but they should add that, like corn, they require regular and continuous manuring." To which we would add, that, like corn, they require thorough cultivation of the soil, especially during their younger years, and many farmers would even regard a clean, mellow soil instead of a grass sod in their corn-fields, as more important than manure.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ Don't let your stock get badly chilled. Keep them warm, and less fodder will be necessary than when they are unhoused and subject to all kinds of weather.

The Horse.

MAKE THE HORSES WORK.

Horses were designed as beasts of burden, to relieve mankind from fatiguing drudgery. It does not hurt them to work hard, if they are treated kindly. It is not the hard drawing and ponderous loads that wear out horses and make them poor, balky and worthless; but it is the hard driving, the worry by rough and inhuman drivers, that uses up more horse flesh, fat and muscle than all the labor a team performs.

Consider the ponderous loads that many teams are required to cart every day, and several times a day, and yet they appear to grow fatter and stronger every year. They are treated kindly. On the other hand, other horses, that do not perform half the labor, soon grow poor, and give out, and the next we hear of them they die with the harness on. Hard work does not kill them; but the worrying, fretting, and abuse did the job.

Horses will do all the mowing and reaping on a large farm, thresh the grain, pitch the hay, turn the grindstone, saw the wood, and perform almost all the heavy labor that farmers have been accustomed to do, and grow fat, if they are not worried and jerked and kicked about as if they were a living football.—*N. Y. Times.*

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.

The demand in Great Britain for American bred horses is constantly growing, and we are of the opinion that the time is not very far in the future when that country will look to America for its chief supply. Race-horses, hunters carriage horses, and common work-horses were exported last year from this country to England and Scotland in considerable numbers; and we have not the slightest doubt but the demand will increase from year to year, until it shall become a very important item in our annual export account, simply because we can and do raise as good horses, of all kinds, as are produced in England, and we can do this much cheaper than it can possibly be done in that country.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

The Apiary.

SPRING MANAGEMENT

A correspondent in the *American Bee Journal* writes as follows from Freeport, Ill., on this subject:

I do not feel like instructing the merest novice about *wintering* bees, but I may suggest something of use to the beginner in regard to equalizing and building up a lot of weak stocks:

When spring opens contract the entrances, and make all tight and warm over the bees. Guard all the weak stocks very carefully from the strong ones, and contract their hive room to accommodate the size of the swarm. Take away extra combs, but leave plenty of honey. During cold windy days, discourage them from flying, by shading the entrance of the hives.

It is necessary that at least one-third of the entire number of stocks should be good and strong. When settled, warm weather arrives, (say about the first of May, but not before for this latitude), begin to equalize. Take from the centre of each strong stock two combs of hatching brood, bees with them, if sure you leave the queen in her own hive, and give one of these combs to each weak stock, placing it in the centre of the cluster. Then make all warm again and wait ten days, supplying the strong stocks with good empty worker-combs to replace those removed, and keep a record of your operations.

Always select the oldest or hatching brood to give the weak ones.

If hives have plenty of honey, I don't think it pays to feed them to stimulate breeding in the spring.

The above is just what I practice every spring. If I have poor stocks I find it pays well, though it makes some trouble.

Porcine.

TO PICKLE PORK.

For pickling pork, the pieces should be so cut that they will lie flat in the tub, and each layer should be pounded down closely. But before the sides are cut up it is a good plan to rub them over with a mixture of white sugar and salt, one-third as much sugar as salt. Then place the pieces in the tub, rind downward, and sprinkle each layer with the sugar and salt. When the tub is well filled, put a layer of salt over it so thick as to exclude the air, and cover it closely for ten days; then look at it, and if the brine is not formed enough to cover it, sprinkle in a very little cold water. In three months the pork will be ready to cook, and it will keep good for two years at least, and the sugar will give it a finer flavor than saltpetre. In warm climates both sugar and saltpetre can be used as advantageously as in pickling beef. All housekeepers know that they can make corned beef more tender and flavored, by using a pickle of one pound of sugar to three pounds of salt, and a teaspoonful of saltpetre. —*Corr. Country Gentleman.*

☞ The results of some experiments conducted under the auspices of the German Government indicate that the practice of spaying cows has very little to recommend it. The cows operated upon neither gave more milk nor put on more flesh.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

MANAGEMENT OF FARMERS' CLUBS.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

We hear much complaint of the difficulty of sustaining Farmers' Clubs. They are organized and run well for a year or two and then die a lingering, painful death. Farmers everywhere acknowledge the benefit of these associations, and regret their failure, wondering what can be the cause. Having been connected with a live Club for nearly a score of years, and having watched its operations with some care, we may possibly be able to throw some light on the management required to keep a Club in good working order.

In the first place the organization should be simple. A constitution a yard long, and by-laws without end, are a clog to any Club. They are sure to be violated, and dead laws are as damaging to an association as gangrene is to a man. A President, Vice-President and Secretary, the latter to act as Treasurer, are all the officers required. These should be good men and true. No Executive Committee, other than

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 26, 1878.

ANNUAL MEETING of the NEW ENG. LAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the New England Agricultural Society will be held in Parker Hall, Boston, on TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1878, at 10 o'clock A. M.

DANIEL NERCROSS, Secretary.

Boston, January 15th, 1878.

The occupation of Afghanistan, the ancient capital of Turkey, by the Russians, is the great war news of the week. The Russian troops entered the city without the least resistance, and it is one hundred and thirty-five miles from Constantinople, and from the heights around it presents a beautiful picture.

Queen Victoria's intervention for the Turkish cause proved to be of considerable effect. She speaks too late. Russia well knows that England cannot carry on war, and progress toward the Turkish capital. Lord will not go to war alone for Turkey.

The greenback speech of Gen. Butler in Congress was without a shadow of doubt the big-gest thing he ever said in public. He gave against the first Monday in January, 1879, the legal tenders in gold at all. They are to be taken instead of gold, not redeemed in gold.

The Cox Show is the amusement feature of the week in Boston. The list of entries is quite liberal, and the show has been well attended, and afforded a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure.

The Banking and Insurance Companies of Boston have about completed the election of their officers for the year. The changes are neither numerous nor notable.

CONGRESS

Little or nothing was done at the national capital last week. The country is rapidly growing more active matters appear to be coming to the front more every day than the week. The engrossing question is the Silver Bill, which has been passed by the House, and which has been passed by the Senate, establishing a mint in Indianapolis.

THE LEGISLATURE

An order has passed the Senate, calling for a statement of each county's proportion of the Commonwealth, including Boards and Commissioners. A statement of the annual cost of the State Detective Force was likewise asked for. The report was presented to the Senate concerning the condition of the shad fisheries in the Connecticut river. A bill was also reported to allow a reward of one-half of their value, instead of one-third as heretofore. A resolve was engrossed, providing for an amendment to the constitution to permit the election of towns into election districts. An order was passed in the House to consider if legislation is expedient to prevent the labor of prisoners from competing with that of honest citizens. A bill was introduced into the House to increase the number of pounds upon cows, oxen, and so forth, making it punishable with fine and imprisonment. Another bill was introduced to prohibit the selling of oils.

GREAT AGRICULTURAL GATHER ING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Circulars have been issued and sent broadcast over New England, and in the Granite State, all County and local Agricultural Societies, and the Farmers' Clubs, and members throughout the State, are invited to meet in Legislative Hall, Concord, on Thursday, January 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M., to discuss and consider the great questions of Agriculture.

Among the prominent men who have accepted invitations to be present and deliver addresses are Governor Prescott of New Hampshire, Hon. Nehemiah of Massachusetts, and J. H. Wallace, Esq., of New York, author of the American Cyclopedia. Col. Needham will deliver an address on Solonization and Labor Problem.

Wednesday evening, upon "Farming," the Hon. Jas. O. Adams, Secretary of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture, is promised to take part in the discussion of the New Hampshire farmer opening the discussion, especially for the benefit of the farmers of New Hampshire, and everything promises most favorable results.

We shall take great pleasure in giving our readers a full digest of this important Convention.

IN A NUTSHELL.

One amendment to the Silver Bill is offered, whose very simple terms test the meaning and motive of the whole measure. That amendment is, that all bullion coined or received under the Silver Bill shall be coined into coins of the silver dollar unit, and shall be paid out on account of Government dues, or in such usual proportions to one another as the Secretary of the Treasury may direct, and that if we only coin silver on the basis of its current value and receive it on the same basis, it will come to par with gold in a few years, and every other nation will be glad to follow in the line of the same policy. They can not afford to be behind us. Whether it takes more or less, is not the question. That is, as everybody knows, the honest proposition.

The honest proposition gets around the charge of dishonesty, and the only question is whether those who oppose the Silver Bill are against the use of silver at all; if it is a plain practical working

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statement from them that they are perfectly willing to use silver dollars only that a dollar's worth of silver shall be coined into a dollar of obligation with a full dollar can always be had. By refusing to accept this coin they thus would be in effect demanding gold, but demanding their real moitres in gold. The silver and the gold dollars are to be coined, and the silver men admit that they are to be used with gold. And thus their real motive is to use silver equal with gold, but demand it for an unlimited amount of debts. Is not this the fair statement of the case? Is not this the whole question? Is not this the whole issue? Is not this the whole matter in a nutshell? Is not this the whole of it? Is not this the whole of it? Is not this the whole of it

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

FRESH EXCITEMENT IN LONDON.

A London despatch says the news of the entrance of the Russians into Adrianople has caused intensely excitement and uneasiness here. Several prominent adherents of Lord Beaconsfield's policy held a meeting for the purpose of impressing upon the Government the necessity of urging a meeting of the proposed European conference before the Russians proceed any farther.

BRITISH FLEET ORDERED TO BESIKA BAY.

Orders will be sent forthwith to Admiral Hornby, commanding the British fleet in the Mediterranean, now lying at anchor at Vourlah Bay, near Smyrna, to proceed at once to Besika Bay.

THE WAR FEELING IN ENGLAND.

It is considered here as significant of the dilemma to which England has been reduced, that while a majority of the nation would oppose any project tending to involve the country in war or any such demonstrations or complications as might lead to war, still the war feeling predominates at present to an extent that may result in forcing the Government to precipitate events. There has seldom been a time when a war or heavy expenditure for warlike purposes would be more distasteful to the English people. Trade is stagnant and many kinds of industry are at the lowest point of depression. Besides, the attention of Great Britain is fully occupied with troubles of Great Britain is fully occupied with other troubles. The news of an insurrection of the Kaffir tribes in South Africa is exceedingly disquieting. This rising will greatly embarrass the projected colonial confederation at the Cape as well as the Home Government. Dispatches from Sir Bartle Frere, Governor at the Cape, ask for reinforcements. In all probability five regiments will leave Malta to put an end to the Galeka outbreak.

MONTENEGRO, ROUMANIA AND SERVIA DISSATISFIED.

Dispatches from Vienna say that Russia has taken the fate of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro into her own hands, and none of them will be represented in the negotiations with Turkey. This is causing much ill feeling at Bucharest, while the Servians are bending their energies to occupying, before a cessation of hostilities is ordered, as much as possible of the territory known as Old Servia, which they intend to claim as their compensation.

TURKISH OUTRAGES.

A Constantinople dispatch says the whole district Bourgas has been devastated by Bashi Bazouks and Circassians, who slaughtered the inhabitants and burned the villages.

RUSSIAN SUCCESSES.

A Russian official dispatch from Tiflis says: "Gen. Komaroff's detachment from Ardanutsch entered Artvin on the 13th inst. The Turks lost heavily, the Russians slightly."

A Russian official dispatch from Kezanlik, Jan. 24, says that Gen Gourko fought Suleiman Pasha from the 13th to 18th insts. The Turks were finally driven into the Rhodope Mountains. They lost 4,000 and 8,000 prisoners; 49 guns were also captured.

THE QUEEN'S INTERCESSION.

The statement is confirmed in Government circles that the Queen personally appealed to the Czar in favor of Turkey. This action on the part of Her Majesty was in consequence of a request from the Sultan and by desire of the English Government.

PROGRESS OF THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE ON CONSTANTINOPLE.

General Strukoff reports from the town of Westopol Pasha, (twenty miles northwest of Philippopolis) that the Turkish government and garrison have withdrawn, after exploding the powder magazines and ammunition depots. Fire and explosions had broken out, and representations of the different nationalities came to Mustapha Pasha to entreat Strukoff to hasten to Adrianople and restore order. This despatch says that the Russians were not pressing forward as rapidly as Turkish reports represented, on account of the absence of any pressing necessities or of the actual or expected arrival of the Turkish plenipotentiaries.

A special from Constantinople says the Porte have information that the Russians will reach Gallipoli by January 26, at the latest, diplomatic circles this apprehension is regarded as exaggerated.

A Gallipoli despatch to the Telegraph says: The place still continues. All the Turkish families are leaving town, and refugees are arriving from all the districts. The Russians have occupied Demotti and Uzun-Kapri and are still advancing. The defences here are unprepared and the military stores deficient.

Constantinople, Jan. 22.—An army, under Mehemet Ali and Ahmed Eyoub Pasha, is concentrated at Kirk-Kilissa, thirty-two miles east of Adrianople.

The Russians have appointed the Greek archbishop governor of Adrianople. A report is current this evening that a two months' armistice has been concluded, but no official confirmation has been received. The rumor that the Russians are nearing Gallipoli is not confirmed. The defence of the line of Bulair, across the neck of the Gallipoli peninsula, has be n entrusted to Suleiman Pasha. Mauthrope Bey is charged with the transport of Suleiman's army thither. A despatch from Van announces that the Russians have arrived near Musch.

THE ARMISTICE NEGOTIATIONS.

The Times' correspondent at Vienna telegraphs: "Advices from Constantinople show that a general panic prevailed, and the great excitement is nearly increasing. It was believed the garrisoning powers would send ships to protect the consuls. The new instructions to the peace envoys do not send more on account of the panic than on other cause. The new instructions, as well as bestowing fuller powers, insist, above all, upon obtaining everything possible to stop the Russian threat to march on Constantinople."

The Daily Telegraph's Pera correspondent is informed that the peace delegates are instructed to make peace on any terms, so as to stop the Russian advance. The same correspondent states that on Monday inflammatory placards were distributed throughout Stamboul.

The Times' Paris correspondent says that an official announcement is published in Constantinople, that if negotiations fail everything is prepared for defence to the last extremity, and advises the inhabitants to be calm.

EXCITING NEWS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

A special London despatch says the news from Constantinople causes great excitement. The belief is that Russia will not stop short of Stamboul. The *Times* claims that the continued armistice is a breach of good faith, and a telegraphic circular was sent off at midnight assuming an immediate conference of the powers the seat of Constantinople continues. The British fleet is ordered to be in readiness to leave for Besika.

New Advertisements.

POULTRY.

CONDIMENTAL FOOD,

Best and Cheapest in the market.

JACOB GRAVES, Gen'l Agent.

PERFECT BUTTER

Can be made all the year by using our PERFECTED BUTTER COLOR. It is better than carrots, as to ratio or any other color, at one fourth the cost, and no work to use. It gives a pure dandelion color and never turns rancid, but holds its superior and preserving qualities for years. Warranted to add 5 cts. per pound to any butter. Recommended by the agricultural press, and used by thousands of the best dairymen in the country. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, if what it costs, 50 cts. per pound. Send for circular. Address, DICKINSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt. jan26-9t

FITS CURED.

DR. BROWN'S great prescription for Epilepsy, or Fits, has cured in over 10,000 cases. He has made up his mind to make known to all sufferers free of charge. Address DR. PHILIP BROWN, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. jan26-1t

GERMAN PLANT FOOD

MAKE PLANTS GROW AND BLOSSOM. AGENTS WANTED in every town. W. GUY, 33 Bedford St., Boston.

THOUT FARM FOR SALE

[illegible] 100 acres of wood—cuts 18 cords to the acre; 2 acres of apple trees—bear well; 2 acres of peaches—bear well; 2 acres of pears—bear well; 2 acres and horse—500 apple trees—barn 30x40, all good—suqueduct water; house 9 rooms with L, barn 30x40, all good—suqueduct water; house 9 rooms with L, with dams and flumes, fed by perfect never failing supply. Must sell to go abroad. Price $2000, half price for lot. Price for lot $5,00'—a rare bargain. Also, a perfect gem of a farm, 85 acres, 350 pages, with map, for $3000, with 500 other farms fully described in Country Homes Supplement," free by H. CHAPIN, Herald Building, Boston.

For Sale,

A valuable Dairy Farm, of about [illegible] acres, located 14 miles from West [illegible] buildings all in good condition; [illegible] of milk, and the owner is engaged in other business, as the owner is engaged in other business, as the owner is engaged in other business, as

The Poet's Corner.

ANGELS.

BY CAPT. ABRAHAM BENSON.

Earth has her angels, though their forms are moulded,
But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;
There was the soft tone and the soundless tread
When smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the living and the dead.

And if my sight, by earthly dimness hindered,
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,
I doubt not, for their spirits know their kindred,
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded hall, by the lone widow's hearth,
And, where they passed, the fallen have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

I have seen one whose eloquent commanding
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,
The blandishment of ease and wealth withstanding,
That hope might reach the suffering and oppressed.

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,
Strewing sweet flowers along the path of life,
And looking up with meek and love-lent duty;
I called her angel, and he called her wife.

Oh! many a spirit walks the earth unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry crown.
—*N. Y. Observer.*

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

DAVID AND I.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

BY CORPORAL SQUIB.

Author of "A Trip Southward;" "Nautica Sketches;" "Corporal Squib on the Fawn," etc.

Continued from last week.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The morning was cloudy and dark. How long the steamer had been lying at Buffalo we did not know,—nor did it matter,—we had nothing more to do with her but to leave her, and take the first through train of cars for Albany. We transferred ourselves at once to the depot, and breakfasted in a restaurant near by after arriving there.

I do not remember at what hour the train started, but I know that until we reached Rochester, the road seemed rough and the country new. We travelled so slowly that we were still almost a hundred miles from Albany when night came. Just before we reached Utica, the setting sun lighted up the scattering clouds in the west with indescribable splendor. It was one of those sunsets that David and I always admired, but which we had not before seen since leaving home, and we were still watching the changing colors of the clouds when the train stopped at Utica.

The long ride was exceedingly tiresome, and knowing that the train would stop some moments, David said he would step out and stretch himself. He was gone so long that I got nervous, and looked out of the window in search of him. There seemed to be quite a commotion some distance off, and not seeing David, I thought he had been drawn in that direction. While I was still looking, the bell rang, and the train began to move away. "He is left!—left!" was my only thought, as I sank back into my seat and the train rolled onward.

My mind was in a terrible flutter; for what should I do at Albany without David? Of course he would come on by the next train; but when that would leave Utica, I did not know. I waited impatiently for the conductor, and when he came round—I remembered all at once that I had no ticket. David had the tickets, baggage checks, and all our money—except those silver dollars that were in one of the trunks.

The conductor reached out for my ticket, and then, faint and trembling, I told him what had happened. He looked at me suspiciously at first, for there were so many passengers on board the train that he did not remember me, but after a moment he seemed to think I was telling the truth. "I am sorry for you," he said. "Your husband must have been very careless, for sufficient time is always given for passengers to get on board after the bell rings."

"Possibly something may have happened to him," I said, very faintly. "People were gathering as if something had happened, when the train started."

"Some one had been trying to commit a robbery; but of course your husband could have had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, no! but he must have been there in that crowd, and not have heard the bell."

"Very likely, and I regret it for your sake, though not for his. A man should mind his own business when travelling."

"But what shall I do?" I asked.

"Oh, you can do nothing but go on to Albany and wait till he comes. He will take the next train, of course, but that will not leave Utica until morning."

"I haven't a cent of money," I said,—"and no ticket."

"The ticket is of no consequence," he replied. "Of course I shall carry you to Albany; and if you choose to go to the house where I stop, I will see that you are provided for. I will speak with you again before we arrive there;" and with that he left me and continued on his way through the car.

The conductor's gentlemanly deportment relieved me somewhat, still I was greatly agitated. I could not help censuring David in my mind for his carelessness, and yet I could not help thinking that some accident might have happened to him. I was in misery all the time, conjuring up some dreadful thing that might have happened to David, and wondering what I had best do on reaching Albany. I thought at first that if I should go away from the depot he might come in my absence and I miss of him. How would he know where to find me?—or that I was in Albany at all?

But then I remembered that the conductor had said that he could not come until morning,—and it would do no good to wait at the depot all night. But I had a delicacy about going with the conductor to the house where he stopped. What would people think of me?—and what would David say? I looked around the dimly lighted car to see if there was not some other woman there, of whom I could ask counsel and aid.

There were at least a dozen women in the car, but there was only one to whom I could have the heart to speak. She was a middle-aged lady, who sat alone in the rear end of the car. I arose and went to her, and told her I was in trouble. "Sit down with me then," she said, "and tell me about it."

I sat down and told her, and when I said that I had no money, she said that I should go home with her,—for she lived in Albany,—and I might stay with her till David should come. "My name is Vandevoort," she said, "and I am so well known in Albany that I need not fear to befriend any one, much less a lady in distress."

I thanked her for her kindness, and sat by her side all the rest of the way. "Possibly," she said, "you may hear from your husband on reaching Albany. We will inquire at the telegraph office."

Though telegraph lines had been sometime established, people did not use the telegraph so frequently then as they do now; neither David nor I had ever sent or received a telegraphic message; therefore I had but little hope of hearing from him in that way.

When the conductor came round again, saw that he recognized the lady whose acquaintance I had made, and when I told him that I had accepted her invitation to go home with her, he said that I was fortunate. "You will have only to return to the depot on arrival of the first train to-morrow, most likely," said he, "to meet your husband."

"I hope he will come then," I said; "but I am a little frightened yet. In the four months that we have been from home, he has been several times very near to death. You may therefore imagine that I cannot but feel alarmed now."

This last remark of mine made it necessary for me to explain to Mrs. Vandevoort where we had been, and how David had escaped death, and though I did it in as few words as I could, the train rolled into the depot at Albany before I had finished.

It was late—midnight, I think—but a servant with a carriage was awaiting the lady who had taken me under her protection. I began to understand then that she was a lady of wealth; but she continued to speak very kindly to me, and as the telegraph office was in the depot, she led me directly to it.

But there was nothing from David. We were turning away, when Mrs. Vandevoort said, "It may be well to send a dispatch to him. Possibly it may reach him, and in that case he would know where you are, and probably reply."

Turning back, she asked the operator to write a message for us. "Please say to Mr. Bias, who was left at Utica by the evening train, that Mrs. Bias will wait for him at Albany."

The operator wrote the message, and having read it to us to see if it was right, sent it over the wires. The hope that David would get it, gave me a slight feeling of relief. "Should a reply come, send it to Mrs. Vandevoort," said the lady, without giving her address; from which I understood that she must indeed be very well known in Albany. We then entered her carriage, and were driven to her residence, in the upper part of the city.

The house we entered seemed somewhat antiquated, but in excellent condition, and taste and liberality were evident on every hand. A light repast had been prepared, in expectation of the mistress's arrival, and when we had partaken of it, the kind lady herself showed me to the room I was to occupy. I suppose I looked a little sad, for she said that sleep would help to cheer me, and telling me again that in all probability David would come on the next train, she bade me good night, with real motherly tenderness, and left me alone.

But a terrible weight seemed bearing me down. I could not shake it off, and as soon as the door closed, shutting me in alone, I sat down and wept. The more I thought of it, the more sure I was that something had befallen David that had prevented his returning to the train. He was never late—never—indeed he had often scolded me for being a minute behind the time. It could not be that he had missed the train through carelessness,—I could not believe that, after all. Something must have happened to him;—and when I thought how near we had seemed to home that morning, and how joyously I had looked forward to a safe arrival there, after all the perils we had passed through, I could not help being borne down even to tears. There was only one way in which I could find relief; and having sought it, I at last retired to rest.

It was a lovely morning when I awoke. Birds were singing, and the perfume of lilacs entered the open window of my room. With all my trouble, I had slept soundly, and the mellow light of morning made everything look beautiful again. It could not be otherwise than that my spirits should be more hopeful than when I had fallen asleep. And yet, I could not believe that David had carelessly missed the train. Nor could I believe that he was now to be taken from me, after all we had passed through. It was harder still to believe that.

Mrs. Vandevoort had already risen, as I saw before my toilet was made. I caught sight of her on the gravelled walks of a flower-garden, that half surrounded the house. Hurrying down, I joined her there. "Ah, my child," she said, taking my hand, "I am glad to see that you have risen with hope. This is a life-giving morning. There is nothing that can raise a sinking heart like such a morning as this. It is by rising to enjoy the early sunshine, the songs of birds, and the dewy fragrance of the flowers, that I continually renew my life."

I received her greeting modestly, feeling that she was greatly superior to me, but I told her there was nothing I enjoyed more than those very things she had named; and I mentioned the farm on which I had lived,—how lovely it had always seemed to me on such bright June mornings.

She looked at me with a tender interest as to herself go back with me, I saw that she still thought it possible that David might be a murderer. It seemed cruel of her to even admit such a suspicion. But then, she did not know David—had never seen him—and the paper said he had been found standing over the man with a bloody knife in his hand. I had no right to blame her for thinking that I might be mistaken.

It must have been two or three hours past noon when the train started. The train from the west had arrived long before;—the train on which I had thought David would come. Oh, where was my hope then?

We were getting into a car, when some trunks were wheeled past us from the baggage-room. Among them I saw David's and mine, and I could not help calling to the man to tell him that those trunks were going wrong. He did not stop, or seem to hear me, but another man who was following him kindly asked what was the matter.

As I had no checks for the trunks, I hardly knew what to say, but I told him that the checks for two of those trunks were in Utica and the trunks belonged to me.

"I don't think I understand you," said he.

"My husband has the checks. He was left last night at Utica. Those trunks ought to remain here till he comes."

"What is your husband's name?" the man asked.

"Bias," I said, reluctantly.

The man looked at me very hard, for a moment, and then he said, "I am sorry to inform you, Mrs. Bias, that your husband is in trouble. I came down here on purpose for those trunks, and am taking them back to him."

"Oh, did he send no word to me?" I asked.

"I will see you again," he said, and without making any other reply, he hurried after the man who had the trunks.

When the train had started, the man came into the car where we were, and stopped by the seat where we sat. He bowed to Mrs. Vandevoort, who had not yet spoken to him, and then he said to me, "Your husband, Mrs. Bias, seems to have been very unfortunate;—though I suppose you have heard of it?"

"O yes, I said," and that is why I am going back. But he is innocent! I don't see how people can be so wicked!"—and I burst into tears.

The man stood there, silent, looking at me, till at last Mrs. Vandevoort spoke to him. "Are you an officer?" she asked.

"I am a deputy sheriff," he said; "I was sent down to look for the trunks corresponding to the checks found upon Mr. Bias's person, and to bring them back if found. It was thought that they might belong to the murdered man."

I must have groaned aloud,—for several people turned and looked at me. "Try to be calm, dear," said Mrs. Vandevoort kindly.

"Oh, I can't be! But the trunks—they'll know, now, that they are his, and that *must* prove his innocence! Oh, sir, I am so glad you came for them."

"I hope with all my heart that he may be found innocent," he said; "but at present circumstances are much against him. He says he found the man lying with the knife in his body and that he only drew it out; but I spoke, and then made some inquiries regarding my life, previous to leaving the farm; and I had to tell her who I was, and about David, and his father and mother. But as soon as I could, I spoke of David only, and of the prospect of his coming.

"I am not surprised that you feel anxious," she said; "but really, I don't think you need be alarmed. It is no uncommon thing for a passenger to be left by the train. It is altogether possible that your husband will come on the next train; and possibly we shall hear from him before its arrival. If you wish it, we will ride down to the telegraph office after breakfast and see if anything has come from him. The night operator will not be on duty this morning, and should anything come, they might omit to send it to me."

I told her I would like to visit the telegraph office early as I could, though I had so little hope of hearing from David in that way. Accordingly, after breakfast was over she ordered her carriage and we drove to the depot.

As we approached the telegraph window, I was almost overcome by a sudden faintness. I could scarce stand while Mrs. Vandevoort inquired if any message had come from Utica for Mrs. Bias." "Nothing," was the reply; and that suspense being over, my momentary faintness passed away.

We turned to go, when the operator said, "Wait a moment; there's something coming now."

How my heart bounded! But whether with hope or fear, I cannot tell.

It seemed as if he would never give us the message. Even after he had stopped writing, he did not give it to us. He looked first at the paper, and then at me. "Is it not mine?" I asked, in a voice scarce audible.

"If you are Mrs. Bias," he said.

"I am!" I gasped; "pray give it me."

Even then he seemed reluctant to give me the message. "Let me take it," said Mrs. Vandevoort, reaching out her hand. He grasped it as if he would keep it at the same moment, and at one glance read it all. These were the words,—so deeply imprinted in my mind that they can never be effaced:—

"A man calling himself David Bias was arrested here last night for murder. He claims that he was a passenger on the train going east, and that his wife was on the train. He is now in jail."

Of course, I knew what I said or did, till I found myself sitting with Mrs. Vandevoort in the ladies' waiting-room. I think I must have seemed in great distress, for others crowded around us, and I heard them ask if any of my friends had been on the train that was wrecked. I did not know what they meant, nor did I care then,—for David was accused of being a murderer.

"Can you go home with me now?" asked the kind lady, and I had brought me there.

"Oh, no!—*no!* I must go to my husband," I said. "But I have no money."

"No, dear, and you could not go until the next train leaves if you had. You must go home with me, till then."

"Oh, but he is in prison!"—accused of murder! Do *you* believe it?" And I suppose I looked at her a little wildly.

"Crazy," I heard some one say.

"Come, dear," said Mrs. Vandevoort, helping me to rise; and in a moment more we had again entered her carriage.

"Oh, you are such a good woman!" I said, still clinging to her after we were seated.—"you *don't* believe it, do you?"

"There may have been some mistake," she said,—it seemed to me so coldly! "Possibly you have loved your husband so well that you have been blind to his faults."

"Oh, no, no!—he has no faults—I am sure he has none!—certainly none that could have made him a murderer! He is as innocent—Oh, believe me! believe me!—he is innocent as the unborn babe!"

"There, dear, cheer up! cheer up! If he is innocent he will soon be with you again, for it will surely appear."

"But I must go to him—he is in prison—Oh, in prison!" and I burst into tears.

"You shall go to him, dear, and I will go with you; but we must wait for the train."

Oh, she was so kind, after all! And yet she could even think it possible that my husband, who seemed to me as innocent of any evil thought as a child unborn, could be guilty of murder!

She took me back to her home, and the long, long hours dragged slowly by. She asked me more about David,—how long he had been to sea,—whether he had ever ran away from home,—and many other questions. I knew, of course, why she asked them, and though she was so kind, I could not but think she was cruelly suspicious.

The morning paper lay upon the table, near where we sat, and almost unconsciously I took it up. The first thing that met my eyes was an account of a frightful railway accident, some twenty miles west of Utica, by which several people had been killed, and others injured.

I read that calmly and without a shudder, but when I looked farther down the page, I saw something that almost froze my very blood. It was an account of a murder, at Utica, the evening before. The murderer had been taken almost in the act, with a bloody knife still in his hand and the eyes of his dying victim fixed upon him in a horrified gaze. The man had lived a few moments after he was found, but had only been able to articulate two words—"that man"—his dying gaze being at the time fixed upon him who was supposed to be his murderer.

The evidence against the accused seemed conclusive, and yet the object of the murder did not appear. No money had been found on the murdered man, and only a small sum on the murderer. Both were strangers, travelling, one having a ticket for the western-going train and the other two tickets for the eastern. And I read the description of the murderer, how he was dressed, and the name he gave; which was—*David Bias.*

CHAPTER XXVII.

How coldly cruel—how unjustly suspicious the world seemed to me—to accuse my David of murder! The thought almost maddened me.

But what could I do? Nothing, but go back and declare his innocence. That I would do, his innocence should appear! it could be proved, and it should be proved right speedily! "The world shall know that David is not a felon!" And I fairly trembled with anger.

Although Mrs. Vandevoort was so kind as to herself go back with me, I saw that she still thought it possible that David might be a murderer. It seemed cruel of her to even admit such a suspicion. But then, she did not know David—had never seen him—and the paper said he had been found standing over the man with a bloody knife in his hand. I had no right to blame her for thinking that I might be mistaken.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

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But what could I do? Nothing, but go back and declare his innocence. That I would do, his innocence should appear! it could be proved, and it should be proved her mother told her, and seemed to have real compassion for me. Her husband was evidently one of the leading citizens of the place, and he, too, became deeply interested, and promised to do all he could for me. Although I was so heart broken, I could not but feel that I had fallen among friends, and I was filled with gratitude for their kindness.

During the evening I recounted, as connectedly as I could, all that had befallen David and myself since leaving New York. While I was doing this, the gentleman—Mr. Vincent was his name—asked me if I knew who were the owners of the brig in which we had gone to Vera Cruz. Fortunately I had heard their names, and had not forgotten them. Upon my giving them to Mr. Vincent, he said that he was personally acquainted with the men, and would at once write to them for confirmation of my story. He showed his sincerity by writing at once; and having sealed his letter, he left it on the table, instructing a servant to take it to the post office early the next morning, so that it would be sure to go in the first mail.

He asked if I had yet written to David's father, or to any of our friends, and when I said I had not, he advised me to write at once. I told him it was more than I could do to write to any of our friends that David was in prison under suspicion of being a murderer, and especially I could not tell such dreadful news to his father,—the dear, good old man,—nor would I dare to do so without first consulting David himself.

But Mr. Vincent said I ought to write at once. It was for David's interest, and I ought not to let any delicate scruples prevent me. I still told him, however, that I would wait until I had seen David.

It has seemed to me since, that an overruling Power did then control me in spite of myself; for though I was not conscious of it, I did that night write both to father and to David's brother James. At least they both received letters written in my hand, that had been mailed at Utica on the morning following my arrival there. I have seen both these letters, and have no doubt they were written by my own hand. And subsequently, it appeared that the servant who was directed to take Mr. Vincent's letter to the Post Office, did find two other letters with it, and mailed them all without making any inquiry or saying anything about it.

It would seem, therefore, that I must have risen in the night and written those letters while in a somnambulic state, and left them with Mr. Vincent's to be mailed next morning. I had no recollection of even dreaming of writing to any one, nor am I aware that anything ever happened before or since that would indicate that I am, or ever was, inclined to somnambulism. That incident is one of the mysterious things in my life that I never could satisfactorily account for. I have thought, and still do think, that I was then directed by an Intelligence that was infinitely superior to my own.

The letters were directed in a firm, bold hand, and the writing inside showed no nervousness,—as it certainly would if I had written the letters in a conscious state. They both reached their destinations, and it may well be believed that both those to whom they were addressed hastened to our aid

(To be continued.)

WINTER PEACE.

A keen wind gleams, and all the ground
Is bare and clapped with bitter cold;
The cuts are iron; fish are found
In ice encased as in a mould.
Now frozen hill-tops ache with pain,
And shudders tremble down each shy
Deep rootlet burrowing in the plain;
Now mark the sky!

She softly pulls a downy veil
Before her clear Medusa face;
This, falling slow, abroad doth trail
Across the wold a feathery trace
Beneath whose folds the moaning earth
Asleep him stretches dreamily,—
Forgot both pain and summer's mirth:
Soothed by the sky.

—*Charles De Kay in the February Scribner.*

TEN LOVES AT ONE TIME.

BY L. MERY.

[Translated for "The Baltimore American."]

A mysterious personage, whose true name was never known, but who went by the name of Brutus, governed Paris in the time of terror, 1793. He lived in a dingy lodging, up three pairs of stairs, in one of those small streets that run from the Grande Rue to the Rue Coutellerie. Brutus was spare, withered and cadaverous. His leathern face, and little devilish eyes made him look like an animated corpse, rather than a living, breathing, speaking human being. Terror and mystery seemed to walk with his steps, and the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal. He was the vile purveyor for the Republican shambles.

He used to pronounce sentence of death without showing the smallest emotion either of pain or pleasure, and after his judicial business was dispatched he went back to his dim lodgings, where no one went to see him, and whence next day he reappeared.

Even his colleagues in iniquity never were admitted to his privacy, and when he met them in the streets or in the corridors of the Court House he never addressed them.

All that was known of Brutus was that he came from Paris, that he had presented himself one day in the Court House, with a hat upon his head adorned with red, blue and white feathers and said, showing a paper signed by the members of the Committee of Public Safety, that he had come to preside over the Revolutionary Tribunal. As no one made any opposition, he set to work immediately, and fast as possible emptied out on the red platform of the guillotine the overflowing population of the prisons.

Brutus always amused himself while the public prosecutor was reading out his daily weary list of the condemned (blood dropping in lee enough as it was, with every word) by looking over the lists of prescription that were sent in to him. Notes were appended occasionally to the names. One morning his eyes lighted on these words:

"Paul Janquard, a merchant and aristocrat; makes believe to be a patriot. The Republic should get rid of him as soon as possible. A few days' delay, and it may be too late. Paul Janquard being now engaged in a course of deliberate suicide."

Brutus thought this memorandum quite amusing. His curiosity was excited. He ordered a spy to furnish him a report upon Paul Janquard.

The spy came four days later to see Brutus at his lodgings and gave in his report as follows:

"Citizen Brutus, I have followed Paul Janquard. He moves feebly, but he spends his time in walking about the streets. His complexion is unhealthy and his health is much impaired. At 8 A. M. he goes out and walks till 9 A. M. before a house in the Rue de la Fare. He whistles softly, and a young lady comes to the window. He looks at her as if he were in love. The young lady is wonderfully handsome. After an hour of silent adoration, Paul makes his bow and goes off to the Rue Lafont. As soon as he reaches that street he whistles again, another window opens, another young lady appears. Paul leans his back against the wall of the house opposite and looks up at this new young lady, who is quite as pretty as the one in the Rue de la Fare. This goes on for just one hour. After leaving the Rue Lafont, Paul walks towards the suburbs, till he reaches a house where, on his whistling as a signal, another window opens and another pretty woman appears. That makes three!"

"Pause when you get up to ten."

"Just so, Citizen Brutus. Paul does the same thing ten times; but at some places he only stops for half an hour. If you don't look out sharp he will die of fatigue."

"I'll look out Paul Janquard myself," said Brutus, and so dismissed his emissary.

Brutus' curiosity was aroused.

* * * * * *

Next morning he went early to the Rue Bernard-du-Bois, found the front door open, ascended the staircase and knocked at a room on the second story. A young man, partly dressed, opened the door.

"Citizen," said Brutus, "am I addressing Paul Janquard?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Can you spare me a few moments?"

"Sit down. I hear you."

The preliminaries of conversation were somewhat brusque in 1793.

Brutus sat down. "Citizen," said he, "your name is on the list of the suspected."

"I thou ht so."

"You will be condemned to death before many days."

"So I suppose. But still I may escape. I have only eight days longer to live."

"Eight days, do you say?"

"Yes, citizen; but who are you?"

"I am Brutus."

"What! the Roman?"

"No; President of the Revolutionary Tribunal."

"Why do you come to see me?"

"I will inform you presently. But first tell me. Is it true that you make it a habit to gaze at ten female citizens per diem?"

"That is so. Your spies have told the truth. I have a good many love affairs on hand. Lovers are becoming scarcer every day in this city."

"You might employ yourself in some way more useful to the Republic."

"Very true, citizen. But I made a calculation. I said a man grows lean who has a love affair. He must grow twice as lean with two. I was a stout man three months since; you see what a skeleton I am now. Said I to myself, since two love affairs are safe to wear a man in three months down to skin and bone, ten love affairs in that time will bring me to the last stage of consumption. I have been trying it for three months, and now I think I have hardly a week to live. You might spare me the guillotine."

The eyes of Brutus gave a sudden gleam. "Do you know you are an uncommonly clever fellow?"

"Ah, citizen, I knew I could not escape death under your administration, and I must own that the idea of dying, young as I am, in public to the strains of *Ca ira*, made me very melancholy. I am naturally a merry man, but I grew as dismal as a funeral. I started at the smallest sound. I was always fancying that the moment had come for my arrest, and that somebody was waiting at the foot of the stairs to drag me to the scaffold. I have lost all the fortune I had accumulated. Nothing remains of the property I once possessed but one thousand francs in *assignats*, so that I had a choice of evils before my eyes—the guillotine or destitution. Then I struck out an entirely new idea. I said to myself, 'I'll die of love!' In three months' time, at all events, my turn will come to perish on the scaffold. Let me see whether before that time comes to pass I cannot 'shuffle off this mortal coil' as a despairing lover. I was quite pleased with my own plan, and have put it into execution. As I said, lovers are scarce now-a-days, and I have no rivals. Ten windows open daily at my signal, for I am punctual to a moment; and then I see, one after another, ten exquisite female heads on exhibition. But it is terribly fatiguing. It takes me seven hours and a half a day. No man could stand that at a picture gallery. The five prettiest coat me an hour apiece, the five others two and a half hours. The strongest man could not stand such a strain of admiration. What is more, I must confess, I am desperately in love with five of them. The five others I only admire; still their charms and claims do trouble me. Notwithstanding my appearance, citizen, I am wildly, fondly, fatally beloved! As soon as I whistle I hear the creaking of the blinds, and a sweet head looks down on the deserted street—you know the streets are empty! But it is time for my first appointment. I must leave you. I have yet eight days of adoration before me. Do not, I beseech you, snatch them away."

"Well, I will grant them you. But, remember, at the end of eight days, if you are still living, you go to the guillotine. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes; citizen."

"All right. Now go and make the round of your ten belles."

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Paul Janquard, leaning on his cane, walked towards the Rue de la Fare. And during the short passage between his own house and that of his first sweetheart, he threw off the sickening feeling inspired by his interview with the master of the human slaughter house at Marseilles, and gave himself up to the full tide of that wild tenfold passion that overflowed his soul. There passed through his mind (now weakened by feeble health and a prey to monomania) all kinds of pleasant fancies. His ten fair women seemed more fair than ever. His heart beat quick as he recalled each face, brunette or blonde, with curls, or lace, or floating ribbons. He reached the Rue de la Fare. He whistled; nobody came, he whistled again, all was quiet. He blew into his doorkey. All the little breath he had left he blew away. The lovely loving face which hitherto had appeared at his first sound, did not come to the window. Paul at last went on to the Rue Lafont, greatly disappointed. There, too, his whistling and his waiting met with no success. He stood alone in the long, vacant street and nobody looked forth at him.

He began to perceive that something had gone wrong. He went round to the other eight houses in their turns and nobody answered him. At the last house, however, he saw an old servant, crying. He went up to her and asked, with an air of profound sympathy, the reason of her tears.

"Oh, Monsieur," said the old woman, "they killed the poor dear husband, and now they are going to kill *her*. They took her off to prison this morning, my pretty mistress, Madame Arnaud."

"What!" cried Paul, "Madame Arnaud, who lives on the second story?"

"Yes; my good sir. But bless us, how pale you are! Sit down on this step."

A mist floated before the eyes of Paul. He sat down on the step, and the woman's arm as steady him self, and then dropped on the seat she pointed out to him.

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In those days the busy noises of the city of Marseilles were almost hushed and its streets almost deserted. Many families had gone into exile. Those who remained took care to keep close in their own houses, hoping they might be overlooked and forgotten. All the ordinary habits of life in that bright and busy town were changed. One might have thought the air out doors was full of poison, so few people came abroad. Except mad bands of wild enthusiasts who went about the streets bawling their revolutionary songs, it was very seldom that a respectably dressed person showed himself, for fear of being observed by those whose business it was to provide victims for the guillotine. It not taken up himself, he ran the risk of having to witness the passage of those long lines of carts which daily bore all that remained of good and noble from the Court House or the prison to the Cannebier, where stood the bright red scaffold surmounted by the guillotine.

Movement and order were not, as in our own day, going on in every part of the busy city. And the silence of the better class of streets was heightened by its contrast with the hoarse roar that could be heard far off round the revolutionary victims. Over all doors was written a saying of that day: "*Live free, or die;*" alas! the latter was commonly the sole alternative.

When Paul Janquard had taken up the absurd notion of dying of love, and carrying on as many love affairs as would kill him, he had foreseen his way would be made easy by the absence of people in the streets, and thought himself lucky that his proceedings were likely to escape those uncharitable remarks which are sure to be made in ordinary times on persons who take the public into their confidence, and make love in the open air.

But, though the arena had no rivals, though Paul had his mania for love making all to himself (so absorbing were the other interests of those times) it became extremely difficult to discover ten women who were ready to respond to his mania.

For several days he had been much afraid he would have to give it up for this reason. He did not yet know how strong—strong as death—is the love of admiration in pretty women.

Paul, having picked out the best and most quiet streets, began by looking up at the closed blinds with eager, anxious glances. The second day he saw one of the blinds move in the Rue de la Fare; he ogled it more anxiously than ever. The blind opened. He saw a lovely face appear. Paul wrote down in his memorandum book the street and number. In two weeks he had got down ten names and ten numbers. Ten was his maximum. As to the ladies, overwhelmed as they were by cares, anxieties and griefs, his strange behavior and his evident admiration became to them a source of great amusement and curiosity. His appearance made a daily break in the tedious monotony of their existence. It gave them a new interest in their dress. Their in-door life had a new object. It was something in those times to have even the semblance of a lover. At first they merely all thought Paul's proceedings rather queer, and, if it had not been for their great curiosity and an equally great wish for some amusing break in their dull lives, they would have been offended at such very cavalier proceedings, and at the idea of being summoned like a dog by the whistle of any lover. At any other period they would have kept themselves close hidden behind their blinds and have laughed at their street admirer's love-lorn looks and gestures; but in 1793 everything in this life was out of its usual course, and poor Paul's notion, which five years later or earlier would have made him the talk of Marseilles, had a complete success.

The toil and exposure of such love making became so great that Paul lost all his flesh and his vitality. His purpose was to die of love, and he was in a fair way of accomplishing it. His eyes were becoming hollow; his nose, which was by nature very handsome, was getting too large for his other features; his cheeks were falling in; his legs were getting shaky; his heart (in which there burned ten flames) was like a brazier. When he began the ladies saw in him a man of cheerful countenance, rather too stout, perhaps, but well proportioned, graceful and well-bred in his manners, well-dressed and well fed. But everything about him dropped into ruin by degrees. His state of mind appeared to have its influence upon everything. Each of the ten ladies felt proud of the ravages that her charms had made upon her adorer. Each thought her self, of course his only love. The idea that Paul repeated nine times every day the part each saw him act before her house never entered their imaginations. Janquard had chosen loves who lived at some distance from each other. To sum up all, the state of solitude and generally mistrust in which everybody lived, favored this tenfold lover.

At last some one denounced him to the Revolutionary Tribunal. The man who had sent in his name to Brutus accompanied by a memorandum was a sort of club orator, who lived on the first floor of the house in which our hero had a room. Paul was so preoccupied with the disturbed state of his affections that he had failed to perceive that this formidable fellow-lodger had dogged his footsteps one day when he was on his daily round. Before that happened, however, nearly three months of his life had been spent in a state of enchantment. And he had not altogether limited himself to ten acts of tender pantomime; his feelings had also been set down in words. Each night, after dark, by the light of his solitary lamp, Paul took ten sheets of paper, seized his pen and wrote ten letters, folded them with care and skill and in the morning put them into his pocket. Each letter was signed, "*Paul Janquard, merchant, the most devoted of men.*" As each note was without any address, Paul pulled them out at random, and, after having shown